

YATESBURY sets the PACE

A Visit to the Civil Training School Operated by the Bristol Aeroplane Company

(Illustrated with "Flight" photographs)

IN the first throes of expansion there may have existed a tendency to turn out pilots as so many ciphers, so many young men whose uniform distinction was that in two months of potted flying they had broken the ice of a Service career. There was a possibility that the pilots thus mass-produced would not have time to realise that they had become a part of a Service tradition.

Now, it is a very great responsibility which rests upon the authorities in charge of the new training schools. There was no demand that instructors should instil a reverence for the very young traditions of a very young Service, not yet in its majority. There is all the more credit due to those who, of their own volition, have taken up the new training schools and are giving the *ab initio* pupils a sense of responsibility, of leadership, of the qualities proper to an officer as well as a pilot.

Let us now praise the Bristol Aeroplane Company for their part in raising the fledglings. Faced with a choice of skimping through the letter of their contract or taking a bold stand and making a thoroughly good show of their new school and wing, they have unhesitatingly made at Yatesbury a model school whose pattern few will equal and none will excel. Those pupils who are first posted to Yatesbury can thank their lucky stars and be prepared in advance that wherever they go after their short course is ended they will tread on harder ground and sleep in much stiffer beds!

It is an odd fact that Yatesbury seems only vaguely known. People agree it is somewhere in Wiltshire, and not very far from Bristol, but they are uncertain where this gem in a green land lies. It is situated some fourteen miles from Swindon and midway between Marlborough and Chippenham. The aerodrome caps a fold in an escarpment which overlooks the west lands towards Bristol. It is wind-swept and high, it is a countryman's paradise, it is a land where the hares know no boundaries and horses are ridden over gallops with a free rein. It has the best outlook of any mess in the country (ex-

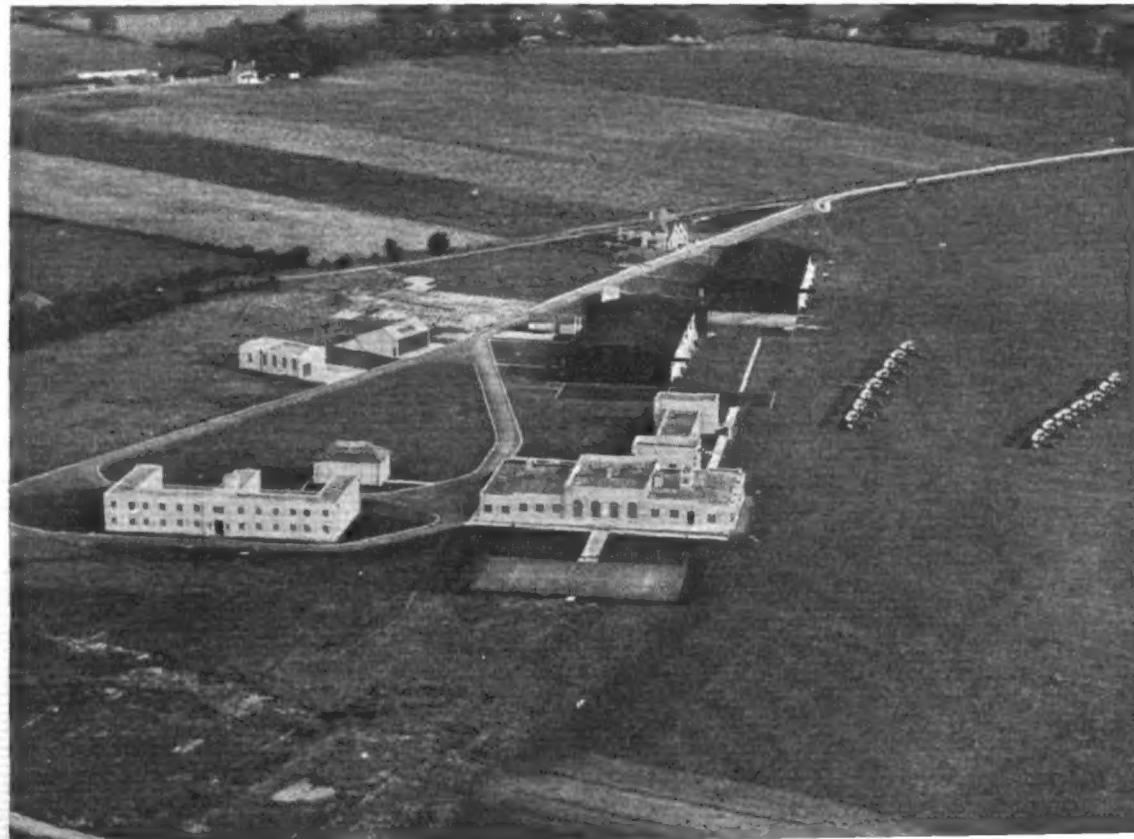
THIS is the third of a series of articles describing visits to what are usually somewhat misleadingly termed "Civilian Training Schools"—in other words, schools, operated by various firms, which provide a course of flying and other training in preparation for a career either in the Royal Air Force or in the R.A.F. Reserve. Previous articles in the Series appeared as follows:—
Sywell, Northampton (Brooklands Aviation Ltd.), August 13.
Woodley, Reading (Phillips and Powis Ltd.), October 8

Something to "home" on—the famous Wiltshire white horse on the downs near Yatesbury, as seen from the air.

cept possibly Donibristle), and it is right off the map and out in the green and blue.

This pastoral panorama is the view from the ante-room, and on these ancient hills, where Druids trod forgotten centuries ago, a phoenix aerodrome has arisen. In odd places, and noticeably from the air, the overgrown and weeded foundations of the war-time aerodrome are visible. In a far corner the relics of a dilapidated hangar stand, forlorn and ashamed of the new-born glory that has replaced the old ramshackle huts; for the present offices and quarters stand boldly on the fringe of the low hills, visible from a long way off as clean and cream structures which mean business. Yes, Yatesbury looks like an aerodrome

that is efficient. It has that indefinable orderliness and smartness which stamps it even from afar as a place which arouses an *esprit de corps* among all concerned with it.



Yatesbury's buildings and the fleet of Tiger Moths.